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LADY DIANA SPENCER, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE TIME OF HER ENGAGEMENT.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE UNIFORM OF A COMMANDER IN THE ROYAL NAVY.



ROYAL WEDDING

Contents

Royal wedding by Sir Arthur Bryant	17
The marriage and the monarchy by Robert Lacey	21
The Prince of Wales by Margaret Laing	31
Lady Diana Spencer	41
Wedding day	47
St Paul's Cathedral	51
The status of queen consort by Michael L. Nash	57
A memoir of former marriages by James Munson	61

Colour plates

Lady Diana Spencer	12
The Prince of Wales	13
Lady Diana Spencer	24
The Prince of Wales	25
Queen Elizabeth II and the Duke of Edinburgh	35
Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother	45
St Paul's Cathedral	55
Prince Charles and Lady Diana	65

ROYAL WEDDING

by Sir Arthur Bryant

The weddings of kings, or future kings, in a monarchical country are more than mere romantic or ceremonial occasions, though they are, of course, both. They are essential links in a monarchy's survival, and without them the monarchy would come to an end. England has been a hereditary monarchy for more than 1,000 years, and Scotland, whose crown was joined with England's nearly four centuries ago, for almost as long or, as some would argue, longer.

Throughout our whole history the Crown has been the key to England's nationhood. It has always been natural for Englishmen to act with and through it. In the Middle Ages the functioning of their local institutions, the inheritance of their lands, the administration of justice and order all became inextricably bound up with its existence. The Crown was the motive-spark of public activity and the fount of honour. An English land-owner thought of himself not merely, as on the Continent, as the vassal of a provincial and feudal earl, but as a direct liege of the king; and an English justice, not as a functionary of a provincial court, but as a guardian of the king's peace. In the organization of the realm from top to bottom ran this chain of royal unity.

When, after the constitutional and religious struggles of the 17th century, political power passed from the king in his royal court to the Crown in Parlia-

ment, the principle of royal unity and continuity remained. The king in England—and Great Britain—no longer ruled, but all government continued to be performed in his name. The odium of, and responsibility for, the actions of government were those of his ministers, and when they fell from power the hereditary sovereign remained and continued to assure the country's stability and continuity under their political successors. In a revolutionary age the British—a people with a genius for political evolution rather than revolution—preserved an invaluable, and elsewhere largely discarded, institution and adapted it to the needs of the present.

That is why the marriage of the heir to our ancient throne is so important. He and the future heirs to the throne to be born of his marriage are the human guarantees that the nation itself will endure. For, as I wrote in my *Thousand Years of British Monarchy*, “the legal and spiritual association of men of different creeds, races, callings and classes in a nation, though often taken for granted, is a more wonderful miracle of human effort and ingenuity than the greatest achievement of science. For it enables millions who have never set eyes on one another to act together in peace and mutual trust. In Britain it is the monarchy, though long divested of political responsibility, which ➤➤➤



reminds men that the political and economic differences which divide them are less real than the ties of history and common service which unite them."

Of the many services to our country of the present Queen and her Consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, none has been greater than their upbringing of the heir to the throne, the Prince of Wales. Through long usage we tend to take for granted his exceptional ability and versatility and the remarkable range of his public services, both military and civilian. And in all of them he has shown a happy facility amounting to genius for identifying himself with whatever body or section of his royal mother's and his own future subjects among whom his lot has been cast. Some of us will always remember his courage when, a lonely boy in his teens, before his Investiture at Caernarvon Castle, he graduated in a Welsh university and won the, at first grudging, affection and trust of his Welsh companions. A few years later I heard him in the course of a couple of hours speak first in the cold splendour and traditional pomp of the Guildhall where he was invested with the Freedom of the City of London, and then at an informal luncheon at the Mansion House. On both occasions—and they could hardly have been more different—he made a speech perfectly suited

to his audience and his surroundings. It could not have been better done.

Now he has reached the time of life when the continuance of his exacting duties and service to the country in the unremitting glare of publicity—a position of great loneliness—depends, more perhaps than any other circumstance, on the making and possession of a happy marriage. More than any other event this can make or mar the life of a man born to be king. To realize the truth of this one has only to recall the marriages of his grandfather, George VI, and his great-grandfather, George V, both of whom were sustained, supported and comforted in their lonely and exacting lot by the love and companionship of a noble woman.

The young girl who has accepted the Prince's hand is the descendant of an ancient line, long identified with public service. Among those related to her house was the great soldier and statesman, John Duke of Marlborough. During the last war, in the course of his duties as an itinerant lecturer to the Forces, after giving a war commentary for the Ministry of Information in the neighbouring town of Northampton, I sometimes used to be invited to spend a night at Althorp as the guest of Lady Diana's grandfather, Jack Spencer, and his lovely wife, Cynthia—herself a lifelong

Prince Charles in the uniform of a Commander in the Royal Navy in New Zealand earlier this year. Right, the Queen with the Prince and Lady Diana after giving consent to their marriage.

servant of the Crown and the perfect ideal of an English lady. They were living at the time in great simplicity; their stately home and all its historic and artistic treasures were under dust-sheets, and we used to eat our frugal supper of Spam or some other austere wartime dish in a small room lined from ceiling to floor with tantalizing pictures of late 18th-century fat cattle. Their son and heir, Lady Diana's father, then a boy of 18, in whose plain little bedroom I slept, was serving at the time with the Fleet as an able-bodied seaman. It is that part of the bride's antecedents and her own social service to the community before her Prince chose her which, even more than her family's historic tradition, gives promise that, to the happiness of her country and husband, she will prove to be what, writing of an earlier royal bride and her marriage to the future King George V, I described as "a brave, virtuous and understanding woman, with the imagination to rise to the great position she had accepted and the power to befriend and console the occupant of one of the loneliest jobs on earth".





Lady Diana making friends with a small admirer after Prince Charles opened an exhibition at Broadlands, the Hampshire home of the late Lord Mountbatten.

THE MARRIAGE AND THE MONARCHY

by Robert Lacey

With the marriage of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer it is possible to foresee the shape that the British monarchy will take for the rest of this century—and well into the next. This could not be done until now, for so long as Prince Charles was unmarried there were many questions that could not be answered. There was always the possibility that he might remain a bachelor. He might have chosen a mate disqualified in some way from becoming Queen. It has happened before.

But Prince Charles has now made his choice, and his wife will be making a contribution all her own to the personality and style of Britain's royal family.

That has always been one of the strengths of the British monarchy. Its character has reflected the character of the people actually doing the job; and the character of the woman who became Queen has always been crucial in this respect.

The life of Prince Charles's own grandmother illustrates this. There seemed little likelihood of the young Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon becoming Queen when she married Prince Albert, Duke of York, in the spring of 1923. But her charm, her sense of duty and her appetite for the special sort of work which being a member of the royal family involves, soon brightened up the somewhat heavy style of monarchy set by King George V and Queen Mary.

Elizabeth, Duchess of York injected new vigour and a style of her own into the royal family in the 1920s and 30s, and when, in May, 1937, she was crowned Queen she became a vital half of the royal partnership which made its mark on Britain through the dark years of the Second World War and the austerity which followed—modest, brave, conscientious and never without a smile.

The omens are set fair for Lady Diana Spencer to make a similar impact upon the British royal family for the next 50 years. Attractive, wholesome, agreeably shy without being silly, she is every mother's idea of the sort of girl they would like their sons to marry. The royal family are clearly delighted she is about to join their number, and so is the rest of the country.

Lady Diana also shows every sign of knowing what her new responsibilities will involve and of being thoroughly prepared for them. This is the great catch in so many royal romances, for we, the demanding spectators and critics of the royal vaudeville, expect the best of both worlds. We want our princes to fall in love in the most natural and genuine fashion in the world (and we expect them to accomplish this while being snooped upon with telephoto lenses and being pestered by foot-in-the-door reporters). But we also expect the objects of our princes' fancy to be meticulously competent at the highly difficult and ➤➤➤

special skills of being a royal personality. We can be ruthless if we do not share the affection that our prince feels for the woman he loves.

In the case of a Princess of Wales and future Queen there are some special requirements: she may not be a Roman Catholic and her past life must not conflict too sharply with her role as Consort to the head of the Church of England.

But more important than these rules and regulations—and some would argue that the trouble with Mrs Simpson in 1936 was not her past divorces but the fact that ordinary people simply did not like her—is the more intangible quality of instinctively understanding and of being able to meet the challenges that are part of being royal. If anyone should understand these, it is Lady Diana Spencer.

She was born on a royal estate. Her parents were friends of the royal family and steeped in that particular mixture of discretion and *noblesse oblige* which makes for the perfect courtier. She was brought up to enjoy the same healthy outdoor activities which members of the House of Windsor love and which we love them to love—another of Edward VIII's mistakes was to holiday in the Mediterranean—and it was in the course of a cold and windblown pheasant-shoot that Lady Diana first met her future husband. The couple met, by her own account, in a ploughed field.

Lady Diana says that she is looking forward to a public life. She has talked of her future as one that will be spent at the side of her husband accompanying him in the course of his official engagements; and this was not something which could have been taken for granted. Prince Charles and his bride might have chosen to adopt the separate styles of public life pursued by Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon while they were married, Princess Margaret continuing with her traditional programme, Lord Snowdon occupying himself particularly with design and the disabled.

Prince Charles's bride might have proved to have the somewhat retiring qualities of Captain Mark Phillips, whose diffidence has drawn his royal partner towards home and family pleasures. But Lady Diana is vivacious and energetic, and she appears to welcome the half-century of public scrutiny ahead of her.

So much of royal life is public. The royal personality is constantly on show and there have, in practice, proved to be remarkably few people who can carry this off in style for any long period of time. Royal personalities must have something of the actor in them, something of the politician, the ability to be all things to all men. But they must also—and here is another of the impossible demands that we make on them—be genuine human beings as well, for if they are not it will show in the long run.

These are some of the challenges now facing Lady Diana Spencer ➤➤➤ 27

Prince Charles and Lady Diana at their first public engagement after their own engagement had been announced.





LADY DIANA SPENCER, PHOTOGRAPHED SHORTLY BEFORE HER ENGAGEMENT WAS ANNOUNCED.



PRINCE CHARLES AT THE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM EVENT ORGANIZED BY THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT.



The Queen and Prince Philip celebrated their 32nd wedding anniversary in 1979 with their family. Right, Lady Diana is fond of children and worked in a London kindergarten before her engagement.

and she seems unflustered by them. Not scared of the occasional raised eyebrow, she is already playing her public role as a supportive companion to her partner. She also promises to be her natural self.

We shall see the royal family adopt a new shape in the coming decade. The Prince and Princess of Wales will emerge as leading members of the team, assuming an increasingly busy schedule of public engagements together as the Queen herself and Prince Philip take things a little easier. Britain has not had a Prince and Princess of Wales for nearly a century, and the couple will occupy a new and prominent niche in the pantheon of the House of Windsor.

There will be some natural breaks, doubtless, when new members of the family make their first appearance—another generation to take the monarchy well into the 21st century. But these will be brief interludes.

Will the couple initiate radical changes in the royal style? It seems unlikely. When Prince Charles was invested Prince of Wales at Caernarvon there was much talk of new departures, though no one was sure of exactly what form they might take, and, as it



has turned out, the heir to the throne has interpreted his role traditionally. His daily roster of domestic duties follows the established pattern, while on his foreign trips he has visited the old Dominions, watched the Union Jack fall and saluted the new flags of new countries as his mother and father did before him.

His new wife is not likely to divert him from that. She comes from old established aristocratic stock, and as such she has every reason for believing, as many others do, that what is best about the British monarchy is what is oldest and most traditional. We know that the Queen herself certainly believes this. Elizabeth II has ridden out several rocky periods—the Lord Altrincham controversy of the 50s, the satire of the 60s and Mr Willie Hamilton, MP, in the 70s—by adhering firmly, though not inflexibly, to tradition and by refusing to be seduced by the temporary attractions of change for change's sake.

In the Swinging 60s it was customary to poke fun gently at the monarchy, to assume that it must be on the way out. People thought the House of Windsor might benefit from the glamour of a Jackie Kennedy, or the colour magazine dash cut by the ruling house of Monaco. Some suggested that the Queen might take a lesson from her mini-skirted sister, driving in open Minis emblazoned with Union Jacks to help the export effort.

Today none of those prototypes holds the attraction they did 20 years ago. The Queen has devoted her energies to the principles that she herself holds dear: strengthening Britain's traditional friendships with the Commonwealth; rewarding the dedication to the community of the armed services and of other public servants; maintaining royal neutrality in politics, while remaining a focus for national unity transcending political divisions—and Elizabeth II has never been afraid to acknowledge the importance that her own family play in her life. She sees the example of a natural and affectionate family relationship as one of the most important contributions which the monarchy can make to a society threatened by impersonal pressures and by the erosions of materialism.

The development which Prince Charles's marriage may prompt in some minds is no nearer than it has ever been: Queen Elizabeth II will not abdicate. She feels, on personal grounds, that the life of her young family was disrupted by her unexpectedly early accession to the throne, the consequence of her father George VI's unforeseen illness and death at the age of 56. She would like her son and his new wife to enjoy the early years of their marriage and the pleasures of raising a young family without the considerable strain which the duties of being a constitutional



The Queen Mother, right, painted by Sir Gerald Kelly when she was Queen Elizabeth, brought a style all her own to the royal family. Lady Diana, far right, pictured last year outside her London flat, seems likely to do the same.





Making her second official public appearance, with Prince Charles in Cheltenham, Lady Diana was greeted with spontaneous gallantry by one onlooker. Right, the next day she saw the Prince off from Heathrow on a five-week tour.

head of state impose—and which go far beyond the immediately visible programme of public engagements.

But more important, Elizabeth II sees monarchy as a job for life. One of the functions of the royal family is to act out in public life some of the essential realities which make up the human condition: birth, death, renewal.

This is the reason why we celebrate a royal wedding. It is the reason why countries which do not have monarchies so often try to create for themselves a "first family" whose ordinary lives can lend an organic human character to the impersonal processes of the State.

And this is why Queen Elizabeth II will not be retiring and collecting her gold watch in the foreseeable future. She intends to reign over us as long as God gives her life, and the marriage of her son does not herald the closing but rather the opening of an era in her eyes. Elizabeth II welcomes the marriage of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer as the beginning of a long, new and happy development in her reign—and so do all her subjects.



THE PRINCE OF WALES

by Margaret Laing

"In Carlsberg, quality is in the title; in Heidelberg, quality is in the man."
The Student Prince.

Not all that long ago, as the Prince of Wales might have written, a friend of mine confessed to nurturing an exquisite envy of Queen Elizabeth II: not for her dedication, her fortune nor her eye for a horse, but for having borne and bred her first-born, then in his late 20s. "Every father must feel the same," he declared. "He's everyone's ideal son."

To be considered ideal in any role at once begs the question of competence in any other. Even in the world of make-believe the type-cast actor, tough guy, con man or sex symbol knows this only too well. Imagine Clint Eastwood asking to play Hamlet. He might do so brilliantly, but he would have to be seen to do it before he would be believed.

Prince Charles is a better actor than most members of his family, as his school *Macbeth* and three revues at Cambridge University showed; this is a useful attribute in his public life. But in real life fitting neatly into a category can also inhibit development—and being considered a good child, as he was, can be particularly seductive and dangerous in threatening maturity. Having achieved early and protected excellence, why risk failing in more demanding parts in life?

"I've been brought up with older

people and on the whole I've enjoyed it," he said when he was 25. He could hold his own with archbishops, heads of state, Welsh nationalists, academics and top interviewers. But could he hold it with himself? "Perhaps I would like another life more, but this is the one I know," he once told Kenneth Harris. "Being free isn't doing what other people like to do, it's doing what *you* like to do. . . I'm not a rebel by temperament." Then he came to the crux of the matter. Reality is something he often refers to; it is vitally important to him. And he said, "Being real means not pretending."

It takes a deep inner ambition and sure sense of identity to break out of one obviously excellent "character"—the more so if one has lived up to it inwardly—and to develop the potential for the great variety of parts most men and women are now called on to take up at some time in their lives, though even in Victorian times some brave spirits did so. For an heir to the throne who sees his future pre-ordained it must take a still greater effort of will if he is to escape the public's, or sometimes even his own family's, view of him. Nevertheless that is essential if he is to achieve the goal in life that so few people even glimpse: to fulfil, when these are not incompatible with his duty, every potential in himself, to risk defeat in openly avowed aims, to expose himself to danger and, worse, ridicule. Above all, courage is ➤➤➤

required to acknowledge and to reveal the yearning spirit that is rooted in every human being but usually lies disguised, even denied, once adolescence is past.

How far has Charles, Prince of Wales, done this? How far has he been able to slough off the protective cocoon of childhood and combine his two adult essentials: that of playing his public part in a way that will meet other people's high expectations of him and the infinitely more subtle and difficult inner travail of, literally, *realizing* himself?

"When you meet as many people as I do you become curious about what makes men tick, and what makes different men tick differently," he remarked to Kenneth Harris. "You wonder about the fundamental tension in a man, in mankind, between body and soul." Not everyone can admit that tension, let alone resolve it, but he dropped a clue. He has glimpsed the abyss himself, and said, "I couldn't stand being around if there didn't seem any point in it."

HRH Prince Charles Philip Arthur George was born one rainy Sunday, on November 14, 1948, in a Britain still worn by post-war austerity where butter would remain rationed until the baby grew to schoolboy age. His mother, Princess Elizabeth, had been married for less than a year—she and the Duke of Edinburgh celebrated their first anniversary later the same week. Thus they had missed the extended honeymoon period in which some couples acquire more knowledge of each other without responsibilities concerning other people. But they had always known what duties and future awaited them: as King George VI wrote to his mother, Queen Mary, "I know Philip understands his new responsibilities on his marriage to Lilibet."

Ensuring the succession was one of these, and it was perhaps more consciously so because the King had never enjoyed robust health. But there is no doubt that the overwhelming reason for the Princess's early pregnancy was her own extremely deep and piercing desire for children.

The reality that fulfils a dream can seem amazing, and Princess Elizabeth's sense of the miraculous is touchingly recorded in letters about her new-born son: "Don't you think he is quite adorable? I still can't believe he is really mine, but perhaps that happens to new parents"; and to her former music teacher: "I still can't believe he is mine."

Combined with her sense of wonder there was also possibly the realization that at 22 she had changed irrevocably: motherhood gave her greater inner stability and a certain independence, emotionally, of others. The bond between mother and baby was enhanced by the fact that they were both heirs in direct line of succession to the throne and that a common yet unique experience lay ahead of them which no other member of the family other than King George could ever completely apprehend. Mother and son create between them a special aura of happiness even if they meet for only a brief time as they did in



Above, a study by Baron of Prince Charles aged nine months with his parents. Top right, photographed in the grounds of Clarence House in the spring of 1950 when he was one and a half years old. Centre right, with Princess Anne and attendants on board the royal yacht Britannia at Gibraltar, May, 1954, after having met the Queen and Prince Philip, returning from their world tour, at Tobruk. Below right, with Princess Anne at the Badminton Horse Trials in 1960.

Provence when he left his ship to join her for a few hours on her State visit to France in 1972.

When their son was eight months old, in July, 1949, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh moved with him into Clarence House (from Buckingham Palace), a home of their own for the first time. Here on August 15, 1950, when Prince Charles was 21 months old, Princess Anne was born. It must have been the first real crisis in young Charles's life, but he seems to have felt little jealousy. The 24-year-old Princess spent as much time as possible with her children each day; though gradually she had to take on more public duties, and liked to visit her husband, now a lieutenant-commander with his own

naval command (the frigate *Maggie*), to celebrate special occasions. A strict nursery routine, with two nannies, began at 7am and ended, when possible, with the Princess bathing her own children and putting them to bed.

Charles's early character seems to have been sympathetic and protective. "Don't cry Granny," said the unknowing new heir apparent and Duke of Cornwall, aged three, when George VI died in February, 1952, and he saw adult tears for the first time; and at the age of four and a half, when his parents undertook a six-month Commonwealth tour, he said that he would "look after Anne".

"I'm happier at home with the family than anywhere else," Prince Charles has said. The exceptionally close family ties

most members of the royal family feel—and these are remarkable even by the standards of ordinary happy families less divided by such different interests, opinions and duties—may be partly inherited and partly due to the sense of peril outside the home. As the Duke of Edinburgh remarked, "The children soon discover that it's much safer to unburden yourself to a member of the family than just to a friend . . . You see you're never quite sure . . . a small indiscretion can lead to all sorts of difficulties." Yet it was perhaps he more than anyone who realized another danger: that of being over-protected, particularly in the case of Charles with his gentle nature, already visibly less extrovert and self-assertive than his sister.



Independence is one of the Duke of Edinburgh's favourite themes, constantly emphasized in his Award Scheme, in his support for the recent Conference on Human Value, in his conversation, in his own life. There is little doubt, therefore, that while decisions on the Prince's future were taken more or less by "family committee" with extra advice from outsiders, and though gradually Charles himself came to be given the final choice (with an answer heavily suggested), it was the Duke who was first aware of the necessity of his son equipping himself for as broad and normal a life as possible within the great limitations of his circumstances; of learning to stand up for himself; above all of learning to think well of himself not just because of his position but for what he himself was in thought, word and deed.

This aim, essential in today's society, was a great advance on that expressed by the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) to his mother Queen Victoria in 1890 about his two young sons, her grandsons: "Our greatest wish is to keep them simple, pure and childlike as long as it is possible"—and this when the younger, later George V, was almost 15. One consequence of this was that when he was 20 Prince George was still suffering from desperate home sickness and wrote from Naples, "My dearest Papa I cannot tell you how much I miss you every minute of the day because we have been together so much lately."

With the death of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth's accession there had also come, as probably none realized better than the Queen herself, the danger of a petticoat household. The Duke of Edinburgh had a full programme of visits abroad; when his wife had been able to accompany him their children had often stayed with King George VI and Charles had become his grandmother's—now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother's—favourite. She saw in him her late husband's sweetness and gentleness, and also perhaps a little of his nervousness: another family strain noted in George V as a child of five by his tutor, the Reverend John Dalton, who wrote about his "nervously excitable temperament".

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has been the first woman Prince Charles has always turned to after his mother; apart from his father it was Lord Mountbatten, whom he called his "honorary grandfather". Mountbatten's assassination two years ago brought more than tears: it brought an insoluble emptiness which will never entirely fade.

Charles needed contemporaries, the challenge of the outside world, and this came, not too traumatically in the first instance, when the Prince became the first heir to the British throne ever to attend a normal school: at the age of nine he went to an exclusive Knightsbridge school, 15 minutes' drive from Buckingham Palace, called Hill House School. Home every night, he did not seem unhappy: in fact he enjoyed swimming and wrestling, and loved drawing and painting with water-colours—the seeds

of many future interests.

Only eight months later it was a different story when he was sent away to his father's former preparatory school, Cheam, as a boarder. "He felt family separation very deeply," said his former nanny, Miss Mabel Anderson. "He dreaded going away to school." It was no better when he got there. He felt probably as homesick, aged eight, as his great-grandfather had done in Naples at more than twice his age. He was at Cheam for more than four years. In 1960 his brother Prince Andrew was born—an event which must have made him more fully conscious of his own destiny, which enhanced his liking for babies and yet still left him without a brother who could be a companion to him—at least for many years.

The next year, on July 1, 1961, Lady Diana Spencer was born.

At about this age the young Prince appeared to a kindly eye as "a child who had difficulties in making friends with his contemporaries. He was used to the company of older people and more at ease with them." The Queen and the Duke were more keenly aware of their son's plight than perhaps they felt they should let him know. "It's all very well to say they're treated the same as everyone else, but that's impossible," the Duke said later. "I think that what is possible, and in fact necessary, is that they would realize they're not anonymous. This has got to come at some stage."

The full import of it probably came at almost the same time as agonizing adolescence. His contemporaries at Cheam could not treat the future King as *primus inter pares*; his baby brother would not be brought up in the strict expectation of facing such responsibilities as himself; even his mother had not expected to come to the throne until Edward VIII's abdication, when she was 10 years old. The Duke of Edinburgh's own memories of the Greek throne were far from ideal: his father, Prince Andrew of Greece, was after his arrest and trial saved from probable death by King George V who sent a British cruiser to bring him and his family, including the young Philip, to safety—but later he was found by a cousin under a table. He was crying that he did not want to become king and lose his head. Prince Charles was alone in foreseeing his inescapable future from the beginning.

While realizing some of the drawbacks—primarily the solitary path involved—he seems to have accepted it astonishingly well, and with no trauma or horror. This may be due to the eminently composed and rational way in which his mother has coped with the job of being Queen, and allowed him access to her thoughts and to state papers, as well as enjoying enormously her own interests and fulfilling her family responsibilities—a triple role.

"I didn't just suddenly wake up in my pram one day and say, 'Yippee!'" he admitted. "I think it just dawns on you slowly that people are interested... and slowly you get the idea that you have a certain duty and responsibility." ➤

That "Yippee" is the most hopeful clue to his future, showing relish and killing any suggestion that the life might be thought tedious. "I would change nothing," he declares. "Besides ceremony being a major and important aspect of monarchy, something that has grown and developed over 1,000 years in Britain, I happen to enjoy it."

He has thus grasped the nettle with little more than a humorous grimace and a determination to try to enjoy it.

Stoicism to make the best of what cannot be changed came to him mainly as a result of his years at the school he probably liked least of all at the time, Gordonstoun on the Moray Firth, where his father had preceded him as a pupil. "By the time I had to be educated I had perfect confidence in my father's judgment," he said later. But he was not cast in the same mould emotionally, and his title gave his school-fellows an ideal excuse and tool to give him a hard time. He went to Gordonstoun at the infinitely sensitive age of 13½. An older pupil commented on leaving the school: "Most boys tend to fight shy of friendship with Charles. The result is that he is very lonely. It is this loneliness, rather than the school's toughness, which must be hardest on him."

The régime in fact, was not so terrible though few boys would undergo it all voluntarily. It involved two cold showers a day—and he became so injured to these that he still chooses to take one on rising each day—and, besides the academic curriculum, a number of domestic chores (Charles was conscientious, if slow, and on being told he was late one night replied, "I can't help that Sir, I must do my duties"). Above all there were the character and body building activities—Gordonstoun had its own fire brigade, sea rescue service, mountain rescue, surf life-saving, and coastguards. At the maritime activities he quickly became proficient. At making friends he did not.

He turned when possible to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother for comfort, finding sanctuary in her Scottish home, Birkhall, on the Balmoral estate. But he could not do this often, and she felt for him as she must have done for her husband's stammer. "He is a very gentle boy, with a very kind heart, which I think is the essence of everything," she said. Her practical succour made the bleak days more bearable, as did the holidays, spent on the usual royal round of Sandringham, Balmoral, Windsor, with a new baby, his youngest brother Prince Edward, born in March, 1964, when Charles was aged 15, to play with. Like most of his family he loves babies, and is more patient with children than many people.

In retrospect he both admitted and mitigated his school miseries: "I did not enjoy school as much as I might have, but that was because I am happier at home than anywhere else. But Gordonstoun developed my will-power and self-control, helped me to discipline myself and I think that discipline . . . in the Latin sense—giving shape and form and tidiness to your life—is the most



Prince Charles kneels before the Queen as she invests him as Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in a ceremony at Caernarvon Castle on July 1, 1969.

important thing your education can do."

It is a brave view and one hopes he will never again have to face such inner privation; it was also a harsh introduction to the loneliness that must lie at the heart of much of his life, an incalculable lesson in discretion.

Everyone who cared for him, but particularly, as was natural because it was after all *his* old school, the Duke of Edinburgh, had hoped that Gordons-toun would bring out the boy inside the prince, but he remained, in spite of everything, somewhat introspective and so polite that he seemed diffident.

He had not yet taken his A levels when someone with a stroke of genius mooted the idea—agreed by the usual family committee and his masters—that was to transform his life, to give him inner self-confidence and outward assurance at last. By the late summer of 1967, when he was 18, he was talking like a different person about "the most wonderful six months of my life". This was the time he spent at Timbertop, the country annexe that belongs to Geelong Church of England Grammar School at Melbourne nearly 200 miles away, under a student exchange arrangement with Gordonstoun.

The nearest building to Timbertop was a pub, and the nearest town, Mansfield, was some 25 miles away. In winter, from June to September, there was access to a ski resort. Most of the other pupils were the sons of Australian

graziers and countrymen but there was usually a sprinkling of well-born foreigners. The concentration was again on outdoor rather than academic life.

None of these things was the basic factor that constituted happiness for the Prince: it was almost entirely a question of age and, at last, of assurance, at just the time when he considers it "flattering and important to be considered as an adult".

Timbertop is where the boys from Geelong school spend their "intermediate" year which precedes O levels in the Australian school calendar. Therefore the normal intake is of boys aged about 14 or 15 while Charles when he went there—initially for an experiment of one term—in January, 1966, was 17. The vitally important factor was that he was now no longer the junior, but the senior. He became, quietly, a leader. One of the boys who had heard rumours the year before at Geelong that he would be joining them at Timbertop admits they said, "We'll give him a rough time won't we!"

However when Charles arrived he seemed to them more like a tutor or a senior prefect. It was like introducing a new master. Two other boys of his own age had come with him to give him companionship. He was billeted in a single master's quarters, and would be on duty about every third night.

"Once he'd come and we saw that, surprisingly, he was doing everything

we were doing, sweating like we did on the cross-country runs, chopping trees, community service, knuckling down and doing the same as us, he was very highly respected. There was no 'testing' of him because he proved himself anyway," remembers his fellow-pupil.

"One night he was sitting at the head of my table and I completely lost my blasé attitude to him—I felt completely tongue-tied and uncomfortable and nervous—but by the end of the meal was chatting away. He had clearly understood how I was feeling and had put me completely at my ease. That made a big impression on me. He was completely lacking in affectation and I never heard a bad word about him; that may be sickening but it's true. All the nice things they say about him are true."

At last the Prince had found his adult role. Having suffered shyness, he could the better recognize and cure it in others. His protective side could show itself as could his natural tendency to put himself into actions, not words. He was a benign and understanding authority, and at last he began to see his future in terms of genuinely being able, not just wanting, to help individuals and to grow into himself.

It was also the first time he had been abroad without either parent. When he showed such enthusiasm for Australia it was decided to let him stay on at Timbertop for a second term. He wrote: "Almost everyone, masters and boys, enjoys himself here." Enjoyment was not something he had previously connected with school, although the fact that he was aware of this shows how capable he was of experiencing it, given happy circumstances. He also wrote: "You have to fend for yourself," and now he felt he could. Above all, he said, "Australia conquered my shyness."

His last three terms back at Gordonstoun passed swiftly after this since he was both Guardian (head boy), and studying for his A levels. He got a C in French, B in History and Distinction in the optional special paper. On November 14, 1966, he came of age. Now he could if necessary rule without a Regent.

He was now more insistent on choosing the right life for himself for as long as he was able to, and said he would like to go to university. In October, 1967, one month before his 19th birthday, he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, to read two subjects of especial interest to him—particularly since he had seen Australia—archaeology and anthropology. He said it would be "marvellous to have three years when you are not bound by anything, and not married, and haven't got any particular job".

But deep down he knew after all that he could not get away from "a particular job", and to the disappointment of the Master of Trinity, Lord Butler, who thought he would get a First in his first choice, he changed to History for Part II "because I'm probably going to be King". He got a II (2). Duty had taken precedence over pleasure as it always would when they clashed.

After Australia, Cambridge ➤ 37



QUEEN ELIZABETH II AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE TIME OF THEIR SILVER JUBILEE.



Some stages in the making of an all-rounder: Prince Charles with his tutor, Dr Marrian, at Cambridge where he read archaeology and anthropology in his first year, then changed to history; at Cranwell after receiving his wings; and in command of his ship, the minesweeper HMS Bronington.

was again a little lonely and Charles naturally turned back to his family—he invited the Queen to his rooms and roasted a chicken for her in his tiny kitchenette—and to a few reliable but ordinary friends, outstanding for discretion above all, a reflection of his own. He won his half-blue on the polo field and several friends came from this background, but he would not hang around after matches to gossip or drink. He is naturally fairly abstemious, though a glass of champagne goes down well, and cautious. He likes his “own place”, be it ship’s cabin, college rooms, apartments at Buckingham Palace or house—of which he has more than half a dozen, including his latest purchase, Highgrove, near Tetbury in the Cotswolds. He preferred, and still does when possible, supper on a tray (especially smoked salmon with that great favourite of all the royal family, scrambled eggs) laughing at the Goons, watching the Goodies or a Verdi opera on television (he is now Patron of the Royal Opera) or listening to classical music—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart—on his hi-fi equipment, to parties. There are enough of those on his official programme.

To try to break down the Welsh Nationalist feeling against his office as Prince of Wales it was decided that before his Investiture Charles should spend a term at the University College of Wales, in Aberystwyth. This would plainly be another time of loneliness, and even of danger. He had, he said later, “misgivings”, but proved his moral courage—the greater because of his considerable imagination and his past periods of inner isolation which still made new environments a trial, if no longer a torment.

He did not pretend. “I haven’t many friends, there haven’t been many parties,” he said.

There was talk of postponing the Investiture for safety reasons but George Thomas, the Secretary of State for Wales (now Speaker in the Commons) a

sound man and politician spoke out: “There should be no part of the United Kingdom where the royal family cannot go. It will require great moral courage from that young man but he has already displayed it in considerable quantities”—and he described how Charles, against his own advice, had insisted on confronting some Nationalist demonstrators.

His Investiture took place at Caernarvon Castle on July 1, 1969, when Lady Diana Spencer was celebrating her eighth birthday. But he had already won the battle for acceptance a few weeks previously, when he made a speech in Welsh at the Eisteddfod that caused the Mayor of Caernarvon to proclaim “Charles is the ace in our pack. . . You could have put a suit of armour on that lad and sent him off to Agincourt.”

1969 was also notable for his first solo flight, for taking part in the Cambridge revue *Revolution*, and taking his seat in the Lords—an indigestible schedule yet one that was encouraging him to develop in a variety of scattered areas, like a moderately talented and very hard-working Renaissance man.

Looking back on the three years that his illustrious pupil spent based at Cambridge Lord Butler commented: “He grew. When he arrived he was boyish, rather immature, and perhaps too susceptible to family influence.”

Because of his position as heir presumptive he was also now to face an onslaught of a type more commonly suffered by young women when they come down from university or leave school: the pressure, regardless of other interests and preferences, to get married.

Young men are seldom offered all the material goods of life as copiously or as early as young women, and are seldom as mature at picking their way through the path of primrose pleasures surrounding them. Being born with so many opportunities within his grasp for the asking might have turned a lighter-

weight character into a dilettante, a less reasonable one into a rebel.

Queen Victoria wrote to her grandson Prince George on June 2, 1885, the day before his 20th birthday, “Avoid the many evil temptations wh. beset all young men and especially Princes. Beware of flatterers, too great love of amusement, of races & betting & playing high. I hear on all sides what a good steady boy you are & how you can be trusted. Still you must always be on the watch & must not fear ridicule if you do what is right. Alas! Society is very bad in these days. . .”

The reference to racing is hilarious in a family renowned for loving in every way, the sporting life; but there is still much in what his great-great-grandmother wrote that is applicable to the life of Prince Charles today.

He has for the most part eschewed the part of the playboy; in work he is steady and certainly to be trusted; in religious observance he is conscientious, though perhaps too innately modest to feel the sense of Divine Right that gives his mother much strength; he fears ridicule but is the braver then for risking it—though he does not often take unnecessary or pointless risks; no doubt he enjoys flattery as much as do his future subjects, but is more on his guard against it. Even so, like a medieval knight who has been offered too much too soon and searches for the Holy Grail, the Prince has for the past 10 years constantly tested his physical courage and endurance—although he does not have as much physical stamina as either of his parents and collapsed twice after playing polo in the heat of Florida—in ways that suggest a search for personal salvation and subtle satisfaction for his own reality.

Anthony Holden, one of his biographers, suggests that he spends about one-third of his time at social work. This is often in the form of incentive, matching pound-for-pound from Trust funds what needy groups or com-

munities themselves raise; it also takes the form of personal interest in individuals (under a Duchy of Cornwall scholarship the son of a Duchy tenant is sent to Gordonstoun) or trying to understand the problems of those who feel themselves underprivileged, as when he invited a group from a London slum trouble-spot to come and talk to him.

His net disposable income from the Duchy of Cornwall (half of which he returns voluntarily to the Treasury) rose from £256,000 in 1978 to £550,000 in 1980, thus yielding him in those years £128,000 and £275,000 respectively. (New leases accounted largely for the increase.) Yet on this vast income he avoids all ostentation, wearing classic and often old suits, driving his nine-year-old convertible Aston-Martin in summer, sharing his Range Rover and Ford Granada with his official staff of five (excluding Duchy of Cornwall executives) in winter and living what is essentially, apart from the extraordinarily arduous amount of travel involved, a simple life. What he calls “my one extravagance” is polo, his favourite game, for which he keeps a string of horses.

His public physical testing of himself began in 1971 when he joined the Royal Air Force at Cranwell; he trained “to Wing Standard”. That autumn, like his father, grandfather and great-grandfather before him, he entered the Royal Navy. His “honorary grandfather”, Lord Mountbatten, proud to have seen six reigns, once quoted a piece of family lore: “There is no more fitting preparation for a king than to have been trained in the Navy.”

He served in the West Indies for seven months in 1973—“longest time I’ve ever been away from home” he commented—and friends blamed this for the eventual fading-out of his rumoured romance with Lady Jane Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington’s daughter. However, distance may in the end have proved a convenience to them both. Darker, cooler and possibly ➤

more original than the cascades of girls who were showered upon him—and whose flattering attentions he probably found analgesic when not stimulating—she seemed “more suitable” than some in the bevy of all-sorts.

The next year, 1974, the Prince learnt to fly helicopters and took a commando training programme which he found “very rewarding and sometimes bloody terrifying”. He felt comfortable now, “*bien dans sa peau*”, and admitted “personally I can’t think of a better combination . . . than being at sea and being able to fly”. Of all the services it was the Navy he found most satisfying because of its intense communal life, another signal of his need for close and deep relationships. One or two of his wishes were denied as being too risky for the heir to the throne, but he had to make three emergency landings—even if he was shadowed by an auxiliary force.

At sea he was free for the only time in his life from the private detective perpetually at his heels; but he still had a bodyguard when ashore, and he must have been only too glad of this when he was attacked in his barracks one night in Dorset in 1974 by a lieutenant with a history of mental disturbance whose unlikely weapon was a chair: together Prince and detective overpowered him.

Command of his own ship, HMS *Bronington*, a small minehunter with four officers and 27 ratings, came when he was only 27; most of the crew were under 20 which again threw more responsibility on him. Afterwards he said the job had “aged” him. Perhaps it brought extra maturity: his shipmates found him open about himself but close as a clam about his family.

A parachute jump which went slightly wrong, though he succeeded in extricating his legs from the rigging in time and the Royal Marines were on hand to fish him out of the sea, gave the Queen a considerable fright; indeed, some of his exploits required as much courage from her as himself. “Perhaps I do push myself too hard,” he conceded once. Yet it is easy to understand his desire to prove his outward manhood as a balance to the sobriety of the aspects of his life he considered most important: patriotism, duty, tradition, culture.

But there was to be no escaping the outcry for him to marry, especially as he approached 30, which he had once rashly said was a good age to marry. Many felt he would be in dereliction of duty if he did not rapidly comply. The Queen herself, accustomed to her son’s quiet inner development (so different from her husband’s), was anxious but patient: not for her the mistake made by Queen Victoria, about whom the Prince of Wales wrote to 28-year-old Prince George: “She is in a terrible fuss about your marrying.” A friend who thinks he has the greatest need for marriage and the truest domestic streak in the family noticed that nevertheless he was inclined to react to the pressure by saying he might not marry at all. When he was younger the Press had often annoyed him: now they did so again, but he managed to make a joke of public specula-

tion: “I often think my best way out is to announce my engagement to Gladys Thrumm. All the wedding presents would arrive and I could call it off.”

There was the rub—he could not call it off so easily once the knot was tied. He made comparisons between the marriages he “knew” best: his parents’, the Mountbattens’ (the Earl made it clear that marriage was for the purpose of bringing up a family), the Ogilvys’ and, hardest lesson of all, the sad life of his predecessor the Duke of Windsor who said in his abdication speech that he had found it impossible to discharge his duties as king “without the help and support of the woman I love”. He made no mention of needing to be loved in return; contrast the future George V who wrote when he was 25: “I think marrying too young is a bad thing,” but added “the one thing I could never do was marry someone that didn’t care for me. . . I should be miserable for the rest of my life.”

The Prince of Wales’s decision to defer marriage was a sign of his high regard for it, and an admission of his own deep feelings and need for love. One or two girls have left him gasping. In August, 1980, striking Anna Wallace felt neglected by Charles at a ball to celebrate the Queen Mother’s birthday. “I’ve never been treated so badly in my life,” she said, and walked out forever.

Three years ago he was called “a fabulous person—a romantic who falls in love easily” by the girl who in July becomes his sister-in-law, Lady Sarah Spencer, the eldest sister (now 26), of Lady Diana. But she was not in love with him, she said, and added, “I would not marry a man I did not love, whether it was a dustman or the King of England.”

Perhaps he was thinking of some of his own experiences and those of the Duke of Windsor when he defined his own idea of marriage: “It’s basically a very strong friendship . . . I think you are lucky if you find the person attractive in the physical and the mental sense . . . in many cases you fall madly ‘in love’ with somebody with whom you are really infatuated.”

He has several times mentioned marriage lasting for 50 years, and once added, “If I’m deciding on whom I want to live with for 50 years—well that’s the last decision on which I’d want my head to be ruled by my heart.”

Yet had his head ruled his heart more, he would probably have married long ago—and chosen a bride from one of the royal houses of Europe. “The one (sic) advantage about marrying a Princess . . . is that they do know what happens. The trouble is that I often feel I would like to marry somebody English. Or Welsh . . . well, British anyway.”

He himself seems very British—more flexible, and while extremely affectionate and emotional, outwardly more equable than most other members of the royal family. “Oh give me the bloody thing,” he said when harassed by petitioners in India. His temperament is far less clearly descended from the Hanovers than that of either of his

parents who might have reacted with far less aplomb. “I’ve got plenty of European blood in my veins,” he says, but suggested his awareness of the different mores that would have accompanied a royal bride from overseas when he tactfully opined, “What impresses me about Europeans is the way we *differ* from one another.”

On the type of wife he should choose, he said, “It’s nothing to do with class; it’s to do with compatibility . . . marriage isn’t an ‘up’ or ‘down’ issue anyway; it’s a side-by-side one.” This view of marriage as an equal partnership suggests that while he still undoubtedly believes that a woman “not only marries a man; she marries a way of life, a job”, he hopes to find much more than efficiency in his wife. He wants a true helpmeet who will feel, as he does, that “family life means more to me than anything else”.

He also needs someone who, like himself, will try to see the funny side when the going gets hard. Soon after being criticized by the *Tailor and Cutter* for his “studied shabbiness” he was guest of honour at the Master Tailors’ Benevolent Association annual dinner. He arrived with his elegant evening dress hidden under an old tweed jacket, and said in his speech that he stood with his hands behind his back like his father because “We both have the same tailor. He makes the sleeves so tight we can’t get our hands in front.”

His first distinct grown-up memory of Lady Diana Spencer, third daughter of the Earl of Spencer and the Hon Mrs Shand Kydd, whom he had known slightly since childhood, was of “a jolly 16-year-old”. (She has a younger brother, also named Charles.) When their engagement was announced she looked by turns beguiling, melting and impish; he looked delighted, and curious about her, scanning her face as she answered each question put to her by interviewers as if she were still a source of some amazement to him.

An interested well-wisher says: “They don’t know each other very well. I think she’s still capable of surprising him.” This is to be hoped: at 20 she is surely capable of rapid development.

She seems to have resilience and common sense, and not to have been disturbed when her parents separated. She is on good terms with both, and especially close to her mother with whom she stayed early this year on the Shand Kydds’ farm near Canberra in Australia. This could prove helpful should Prince Charles be offered the increasingly sensitive job of Governor-General of his favourite Australia.

The fact that her parents were divorced and have both remarried—unthinkable for the consort of a future king a few years ago—may have given her added insight into relationships, and will bring the Prince into touch with more normal contemporary attitudes. (Princess Margaret was allowed to divorce but will not be permitted to remarry.) Lady Diana certainly knows her own mind, as her nearest and dearest realized when she left her

finishing school for good after only six weeks and took a job in a Pimlico kindergarten because “I just love children, that’s all.” The now famous black dress in reality relatively modest—compare the gowns of the 1950s—was another signal: but what 19-year-old does not wish to gleam glamorously in black, particularly when poised mid-way between a kindergarten image and a family where black is reserved for mourning?

The age difference, nearly 13 years, is likely to be more important at the outset in giving him the edge in leadership. She will have to yield in matters of State, as the Duke of Edinburgh has to his Sovereign. Four of “her” seven attendants at the wedding ceremony in St Paul’s Cathedral will be god-children of Charles, the children of some of his best friends like Donald Cameron, heir to the Clan Cameron, and Nicholas Gaselee, the Prince’s race-horse trainer; two of them will be his relatives, and only one, five-year-old Clementine Hambro, great-granddaughter of Sir Winston Churchill (among whose descendants the royal family has several friends) could be called even remotely “her” bridesmaid.

In more personal matters, however, hers is not a temperament to be easily subdued.

Will she, as he said, keep him young? It seems more likely that with her more canalized energies, feminine instincts and quick recognition of the essential in people (not unlike the Queen Mother’s) she may bring him to the mature realization of his manhood in the profound sense conveyed by D. H. Lawrence who wrote: “It takes more than ‘manliness’ to make a man.”

It takes more than dare-devil aerobatics, being proud to be “square”, riding again after a couple of humiliating spills. It takes more even than generosity of spirit, the ability to put people at their ease and to thank them warmly for a job well done—a graceful touch that even to the Queen sometimes seems superfluous. It cannot be won solely through work; though he has defined his own patch, not wanting to push in where his father has shown technocratic leadership, agreeing with the Queen that the monarchy is not a pensionable job with a retirement age and finding his own satisfaction not in power, but in influence.

It takes, ultimately, a sense of self-fulfilment and peace: the resolution of that “fundamental tension in a man” which used to perplex him.

A friend of the family who can look back over the years and see the change from the “somewhat retiring” child to the man of excellent temperament of today still admits “I would not call him a really contented man—he is so often looking for new ways to find himself. But I hope—and think—marriage may bring a more settled outlook.” It will also mean, in the simplest terms, that he no longer has to breakfast alone in London, and he has said, “When I have an association, a relationship, a title, I want to make it as real, productive and effective as possible.”



Prince Charles met President Reagan at the White House at the beginning of May.



In conversation with men of the Cheshire Regiment, of which he is Colonel-in Chief.



Among Prince Charles's favourite pursuits are equestrian sports including polo and racing. He is seen here taking part in a cross-country event at Cirencester.



Prince Charles in the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards at the Trooping the Colour ceremony on Horse Guards Parade on the Queen's official birthday in 1978.

LADY DIANA SPENCER

The bride, who will be 20 on July 1, has been called the perfect candidate for a highly demanding and difficult job. She is, although not herself royal, a member of a family that has for centuries and up to the present day been closely linked to royalty. Both Lady Diana's grandmothers and four of her great-aunts were or still are attendants at the court of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; her father, the eighth Earl Spencer, was equerry to King George VI from 1950 to 52 and to the Queen for two years after her accession; and her brother is one of the Queen's godsons.

Lady Diana was born at Park House, on the Sandringham estate—she is quite literally “the girl next door”—and the family moved to the Spencer seat, Althorp, when her father assumed the title in 1975. Her mother is Frances, sister to Lord Fermoy; the marriage to Lord Spencer was dissolved in 1969 and she is now married to Mr Peter Shand Kydd. Lord Spencer was also remarried, in 1976, to Raine, formerly Lady Dartmouth, the daughter of novelist Barbara Cartland.

Prince Charles and his bride are distantly related. They both trace their descent from Henry VII via the Stuarts and are, according to a senior editor of *Burke's Peerage*, seventh cousins once removed. She is related to the Dukes of Marlborough and the Churchills.

Lady Diana was educated first at

Riddlesworth Hall, Diss, in Norfolk, then at West Heath School, near Sevenoaks in Kent. After a brief sojourn at a finishing school in Switzerland she returned home and worked for 18 months in a part-time job teaching painting and drawing at the Young England kindergarten school in Pimlico. Here her love of and delight in young children found expression.

She first met the Prince of Wales in November, 1977, when he was a guest at Althorp. It was her eldest sister, Sarah, who was among several young ladies whose names had been linked with that of the Prince, who introduced the couple to each other. Rumours of a possible attachment began to circulate last summer. The couple met again at Balmoral last July when Lady Diana was helping her sister Lady Jane, who is married to an Assistant Privy Secretary to the Queen, with her first baby. Later in the year Lady Diana returned to Scotland to stay at the Queen Mother's home, Birkhall, to be near the Prince and away from the over-zealous attentions of the Press. During the difficult months that preceded the announcement of the engagement on February 24 Lady Diana won golden opinions for the tact and discretion with which she parried intrusive questions and rose above occasional awkwardnesses.

She will be the first English bride for a future king of England since 1659. ➤➤➤



Top left, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, after Lely. The Duchess was the mistress of Charles II and one of Lady Diana's ancestors. Centre left, Lady Diana with her parents at her christening. Left, on her first birthday, July 1, 1962, at Park House, Sandringham. Top, Althorp House, the Spencer family seat in Northamptonshire. Above, Lady Diana surveying the world from her pram at Park House.



the confident toddler at Park House, above, has by 1968 grown into the shy small girl, right, pictured at Cadogan Place Gardens. Below, in 1974, in the grounds of her mother's home, Ardencaple House in Argyllshire, with Shetland pony Soufflé.





Lady Diana was frequently pursued by photographers at the Young England kindergarten in Pimlico, top, near her Kensington home, above, and on her way to work, right, in the months preceding her engagement.





AN 80th BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.





In their roles as Prince Charles's supporters, Prince Andrew, top, will hand over the wedding ring and Prince Edward, above, will stand beside the royal couple.

Lady Diana's attendants will be Clementine Hambro, aged 5, a pupil at the kindergarten where the bride worked before her engagement; Catherine Cameron; Lord Nicholas Windsor; right, Edward van Cutsem; top, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones; India Hicks, grand-daughter of Lord Mountbatten; and Sarah Jane Gaselee.



Prince Charles and Lady Diana will be married in St Paul's Cathedral by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, above left, who will be assisted by the Dean of St Paul's, the Very Reverend Alan Webster, above right.

Top, Sir David Willcocks, director of the Royal College of Music. Above, Welsh composer, Dr William Mathias.

Kiri te Kanawa, the Maori soprano, will sing "Let the Bright Seraphim" from Handel's Samson at the wedding.

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

By choosing St Paul's in which to get married Prince Charles and Lady Diana have set a precedent. Theirs will be the first royal wedding to be celebrated in Christopher Wren's cathedral, whose first stone was laid on June 21, 1675. The last royal marriage on the site was held in what is generally called Old St Paul's, the fourth church of that name, in 1501, when Henry VII's son Prince Arthur was married to Princess Catherine of Aragon. The traditional place for royal weddings has been Westminster Abbey, but the choice of St Paul's on this occasion is apt. The cathedral has always been a centre for national rejoicing and thanksgiving, and it stands also, especially for those who recall the long nights of the bombing raids on London during the last war, as a symbol of national survival. Inside it has a lightness and a splendour well suited to the marriage of the heir to the throne, and this happy occasion will be seen as a fitting sequel to the joyful celebrations of the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977 and to the service held in the cathedral last year to celebrate the Queen Mother's 80th birthday.

St Paul's was founded in 604, when St Augustine decided to provide London with a bishop and sent a monk from Rome, Mellitus, to fulfil that role, and a cathedral was built there for him. Mellitus himself was soon driven from the city by the independent-minded

inhabitants of London, and the church built for him was destroyed by fire in the 10th century. The second and third churches on the site suffered the same fate, one in the 11th century and one in the 12th, but the fourth, a great Gothic construction, survived until it, too, was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

The fifth cathedral, which was based on Wren's third design though much modified by him as the building progressed, was completed in 1710, 35 years after the first stone had been laid and 78 years after its architect had been born. Wren's own immediate connexion with the cathedral lasted for another eight years, until he was sacked from his post as Surveyor of the Works; but when he died at the age of 91 he was buried in a corner of the crypt, and his son found the right Latin words to compose his epitaph: *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*.

St Paul's as it stands today is basically as Wren built it, though the altar, which in his day stood in the eastern apse, is modern, having been installed and consecrated after the war. The cathedral is 513 feet long, 123 feet broad in the nave and 365 feet high to the summit of the cross. It cost £736,752 2s 4d, according to Wren's records, and at today's prices would cost well over £25 million to replace. When packed to the aisles, as it will be on July 29, it can hold 2,500 people. ➡➡52



Wren's cathedral was built on the site of the medieval church of St Paul's, destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666 and shown, top, in an engraving by Cornelis Vischer dated c 1600. Above, "St Paul's Cathedral with a Civic Procession" by David Roberts. Right, a 20th-century view of the west façade from Ludgate Hill.





St Paul's Cathedral: the south elevation.



LOOKING UP THE NAVE OF ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL TOWARDS THE HIGH ALTAR.

THE STATUS OF QUEEN CONSORT

by Michael L. Nash

A statute of 1351 gave the protection of the realm to the queen consort, described as "Our Lady the King's Companion". A queen consort in the United Kingdom today has a unique legal status and her own style, titles, standard and coat-of-arms; she can bestow her own royal patents; she is entitled to her own law officers; she is financially provided for by the State; she is protected by the law of treason; she is named in the Regency Acts and may act as a Counsellor of State. Moreover, although she cannot claim it as of right, she is usually crowned, and is prayed for in the Anglican liturgy. Her patronage is sought after.

The legal status has been clarified over the past 300 years, that is since the revolutionary settlement of 1689. Before then the queen consort had occupied a position which remained medieval in almost every sense. Although her position has never been officially defined, the queen consort has from the earliest times been free from the legal disabilities of other married women: she is in the eyes of the law a *feme sole*, not a *feme covert*; thus she can enter into contracts, sue and be sued without involving her husband. But this unique position has diminished in importance since the Married Women's Property Act of 1884 began the legal emancipation of women in this country, a process which is now all but complete.

A queen consort has been, since the

passing of the Crown Private Estate Act in 1800, capable of taking, granting or disposing of property as a *feme sole* and she may, during the joint lives of herself and the king, "by deed under hand and seal, attested by two or more witnesses, or by last will in writing, signed and published in the presence of and attested by three or more witnesses, dispose of any freehold estate or inheritance, or any copyhold or customary estate belonging to her, whether in trust or otherwise, or any part of it". She is also expressly empowered "by last will in writing to give and bequeath all chattels real and personal, and personal estate belonging to her, as freely as if sole and unmarried".

The Crown Private Estate Act 1800 seems in a way to have been unnecessary, as it was merely a declaration of what has always been the common-law position; and it is indicative of King George III's occasionally frenetic nature that he was determined to provide for his Consort, Queen Charlotte, who is specifically mentioned in the Act, perhaps because he felt her position might not be clear, and he might lapse back into insanity (as he finally did).

The Act of 1800 had been pre-dated by the Queen Consort Act of 1540, passed by Henry VIII, a monarch not noted for promoting the welfare of his Consorts. It was in the nature of a private Act of Parliament, and



may mean the same thing as its true sense, namely that it is "an Act giving the King and his heirs power to make a partner to any Lady his Wife, being queen of this Realm". George III's anxiety to clarify the position is shown by the wording of the 1800 Act.

"Doubts may arise how far this capacity [of a queen consort] of granting and disposing of property extends, and especially whether, during the life of the king his husband, it includes the power of devising and bequeathing by last will and testament, and whereas His Majesty is desirous that Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, His Majesty's royal consort, during His Majesty's life, should have full and complete power, as well by Her Last Will and Testament, as by deed, to grant, alien, and dispose of any manors . . . (etc) which have been purchased by or in trust for or otherwise vested in Her Majesty . . . and it may be convenient that the like power shall be secured to every Queen Consort of this Realm for the time being . . ."

Given that most of the queen consort's powers remain to her as queen dowager, it seems amazing that the luckless Queen Adelaide, relict of King William IV, could not avail herself of this Act, and should have been so ill advised that her last will was set aside by the High Court in London. It was at Bentlev Priory, near Stanmore, on May 8, 1849, that Queen Adelaide, then in the last year of her life, altered her will without legal assistance. On that day, alone and unadvised, Her Majesty took out her old and duly attested will of August 14, 1837, and inscribed on the back thereof this remarkable endorsement: "This will is cancelled 8th May 1849. My heirs are my brother and sister, and their heirs after them. My executors Lord Howe and the Hon W. A. Cooper, are requested to pay off all that I directed in my codicil, and then to divide any property equally between my bro and sister. This is my last will and request."

It was the will of a queen, but it stood for nothing in the eyes of the law. The endorsement was brought under the notice of the Prerogative Court: the judge, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, declared it to be of no effect. It was a mere unattested memorandum and he pronounced for the original will. Even queens are subject to the technicalities of the law, though her intentions as testatrix were clear.

A queen consort enjoys distinct privileges and prerogatives, as Halsbury's Statutes tell us, but again most of these hark back to the Middle Ages and are of little relevance today. A queen consort is subject to no toll, fine or amercement but this would not apply to a modern queen consort. She is entitled to her own courts and officers and to be represented in court by her own Attorney General and Solicitor General. These law officers are entitled to a place within the Bar with the King's Counsel. No recent queen consort has been involved in litigation and so has not appointed them, but Queen Caroline, the "injured Queen", Consort of the reluctant





Above, detail of a portrait of Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, wife of George III, by a painter from the studio of Allan Ramsay. Opposite, top left, portrait of Anne of Denmark, wife of James I, after Paul van Somer. Opposite, top right, detail of a portrait of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, by an unknown artist. Opposite below, detail of a portrait of Caroline of Brandenburg-Anspach, wife of George II, after Godfrey Kneller.

George IV, appointed Brougham as her Attorney General and Denman as her Solicitor General when she became Queen in 1820.

Henry Brougham had often legally advised Princess Caroline when she was Princess of Wales, and then had the task (together with Thomas Denman) of defending her in the House of Lords against the Bill of Pains and Penalties. Fought by the opposite law officers of her husband. The main objects of this bill, which was technically a Private Bill, were to "deprive Her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the title, prerogatives, rights, privileges and pretensions of Queen Consort of this realm, and to dissolve the marriage between His Majesty and the said Queen". The language of the Bill is particularly interesting, as it admits both to the "rights, privileges and prerogatives" of a queen and also by implication that Caroline was Queen, despite the reluctance of her husband to admit it. What were these rights? That was the crux of the problem. Rights could not be denied; privileges perhaps depended on the king, and could be.

The queen has a right to her own style and title, expanded in recent times to her own standard and coat-of-arms, and by logical extension to the granting of these coats-of-arms in royal patents,

independently of other members of the royal family. She has a right to an income from the State. She is protected by the law of treason (in statutory form since 1351) and, as has been observed already, she has a unique legal status and may appoint her own officers.

Other "rights" perhaps fall into the category of privileges. So, the queen consort is usually crowned (not necessarily at the same time as her husband) but she cannot claim to be crowned by right: quite a number of our queens consort have not been crowned, although the last of them (apart from Caroline) was Catherine of Braganza (unless we count the hapless Sophia Dorothea of Celle, divorced wife of George I and known as the "uncrowned Queen of England"). The queen is prayed for in the liturgy of the Church of England, and this does seem to be more of a right than a privilege. It has included Catholic queens, such as Catherine of Braganza, who was publicly prayed for in the London churches even as bride-elect, six months before she actually married Charles II in 1662. It is not surprising, therefore, that it was when Queen Caroline discovered that her name had been omitted from the liturgy, and that her husband had instructed foreign governments not to

receive her as Queen, that she determined to return to England to claim her "rights", however misguided she understood them.

Shortly after his accession in 1820 George IV spent a whole evening in "very serious agitation" studying all the prayer books in the Carlton House library hoping to find a precedent that would support his determination not to allow church congregations to pray for the well-being of Queen Caroline and to exclude her name and title entirely from the liturgy. He could not find a precedent, but he was determined to set one.

Although not all the members of the Cabinet concurred, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was opposed to the exclusions, the government agreed after lengthy deliberations that she should not be mentioned in the liturgy and that she ought not to be crowned queen. They went on to say, in a memorandum of extraordinary length, that while they deprecated the queen's conduct they could not recommend a divorce. They suggested instead that "the Princess", as they were careful still to refer to her—in ambivalent and incorrect fashion—should be given an allowance on condition that she remained abroad.

The legal position they had engineered themselves into was anomalous and contradictory. While George IV was acting like Henry VIII, referring to his estranged wife as the "Princess of Wales", the wife remained as obdurate as Catherine of Aragon had been, although without virtue on her side, and the Bill of Divorce that was eventually drawn up tacitly admitted that she was Queen. In the end, however, this Bill had to be abandoned by the government, as it had been passed in the Lords on the third reading by only the barest of majorities—108 to 99—and there was virtually no chance of getting it through the Commons. Nevertheless the government tried to mollify the King by remaining firm in their resolve that the Queen's name should be excluded from the liturgy, that she should not be crowned, and that she should not be allowed to live in one of the royal palaces.

Although Caroline seems to have accepted that she could not insist on being crowned herself, she would not give up her "right" to be present at the King's Coronation, and unsuccessfully tried to force her way into Westminster Abbey on Coronation day on July 19, 1821.

When a queen consort is crowned she is invested at the coronation with the "queen's regalls", that is crowned with her crown of state and her own ring and sceptres. She receives the unction or holy oil. When the crown is placed on her head all the peeresses put on their coronets. At the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, Consort of George VI, on May 12, 1937, the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed her on the head, invested her with a ring on the fourth finger of the right hand as a seal of faith, crowned her and invested her with two sceptres, as in the case of the king.

Some authorities state that the queen consort is usually crowned by the Arch-

bishop of York. This probably dates from 1902, when Queen Alexandra was so crowned, most likely because the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was extremely old and frail, was exhausted by the ceremony of crowning the King.

While Duchess of York the Queen Mother was, as the wife of the heir, especially prayed for in the liturgy during 1936, after the prayers for the abdicating king, Edward VIII, and his mother, Queen Mary. It is also interesting to note that as a mark of the respect and affection in which they held their consorts both Edward VII and George VI shortly after their accession made their queens Ladies of the Garter, the highest Order of Chivalry. In the case of George VI this was done on his birthday—December 14, 1936—just three days after his accession. The King's order declared his desire "of evincing in a signal manner our abiding sense of the conspicuous worth of our dearly beloved Consort". In the case of Edward VII a real departure from legal precedent was achieved: the King insisted that the Queen be admitted on equal status with the Knights, and when the Garter King of Arms demurred at this, the King firmly annotated the correspondence thus: "Notwithstanding Statutes King has created Queen Knight of Garter and he must ask therefore that her Banner is put up."

As queen consort a queen is accorded the style of "Her Majesty" and her own coat of arms and standard. When the Duchess of York became Queen in 1936 her standard henceforward flew over Buckingham Palace whenever she was in residence without the King. The proper style of a queen consort in suits and actions is, it seems, "Her most sacred Majesty", and Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary and the present Queen Mother (until 1948) were all, in addition, "Her Imperial Majesty". The Queen Mother was the last Empress of India.

The ceremonial position of a queen, it seems, rises and falls with her own standing with the sovereign and the people. It was significant that the present Queen Mother was created Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports in 1978, the first woman holder of the office.

A queen consort is protected by the law of treason. Her life and chastity are protected by the Statute of Treasons, 1351; but she herself is guilty of treason if she consents to the violation of her chastity, and if she "compasses or imagines the death of the king" she is amenable to the law of treason.

She also has an income from the State, now fixed in the Civil List. When the present Queen Mother became Queen Consort in 1936 her income was fixed at £40,000 a year. The greatly enlarged personal staff her new position brought her were paid out of this sum and they owed their first allegiance to her. In 1952, on becoming a widow, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother began to receive £70,000 a year not only to maintain her position as the wife of the former Head of State but also in recognition of the services she continued to give to the State. Her

income is reviewed annually by the Royal Trustees and currently stands at £286,000 a year.

The queen consort may also have an important legal and constitutional role to play in being regent, in the event of the king's illness or the minority of a sovereign, or as a Counsellor of State when the king is absent abroad. No queen has been regent for her child since Isabella of France was Regent for Edward III in the 14th century, but many queens have been regent when their husbands were absent or ill, and have usually discharged their duty with credit and distinction. The present Queen Mother, as Queen Consort, was named possible Regent in the Regency Act of 1937, and given a special consideration as Queen Mother in the Regency Act of 1953, so that her unique gifts and experience could be used as Counsellor of State during her daughter's absences abroad, a role she has continued to fulfil.

"That most distinguished of spectators", the queen mother, witnessing as "the king's mother", has often been present in centuries past at the crowning of her son. No rule appears to exist about the presence of a queen mother in Westminster Abbey. Queen Alexandra preferred to go quietly to church at Sandringham while her son, George V, was being crowned in 1911. It is said that the Queen even had a mental aberration on the day, exclaiming that, "It is Eddy and not George who should be crowned" (referring to her elder son Edward, Duke of Clarence, who had died in 1892). Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a witness at her daughter's coronation in 1838 and so was Queen Mary at the coronation of her son, George VI, in 1937. The present Queen Mother was a witness at her daughter's coronation in 1953, an event which made history for it was the first time that a mother who had been crowned had witnessed the coronation of her daughter. It seems that the queen dowager perhaps does not attend by tradition: Queen Adelaide did not attend the coronation of her niece, Queen Victoria, in 1838.

Past consorts going back to Tudor and Plantagenet times also acted as witnesses, notably Lady Margaret Beaufort, who saw her son crowned Henry VII in 1485. It was through his mother, a great-grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III, that Henry VII derived what hereditary claim he had to the throne. Bishop Fisher recorded that "when the kynge her son was crowned in all the grete tryumphe and glorie, she wept marvelously". That was indeed a strange coronation in a way, for Lady Margaret outlived her son and acted briefly as Regent for Henry VIII, dying just after his coronation in 1509.

Even more remarkable perhaps was the exclusion of the queen mother from the coronation of 1189. This was the crowning of the crusader King Richard I. His mother, the tempestuous Eleanor of Aquitaine, was not present because "the etiquette of her recent widowhood prevented her from sharing in this



A portrait of Alexandra of Denmark, wife of Edward VII, by Luke Fildes. Right, a miniature of Princess Mary of Teck, wife of George V, by Mary-Helen Carlisle.

splendid festival, and so all women were forbidden to be present at its celebration". So Richard was crowned like a Teutonic knight, and we may wonder if the all-male court he usually kept did not use this etiquette as an excuse.

Though not officially defined, the office of queen consort is self-evidently important. It is what the occupant makes of it, as we have seen in our own times. In the constitutional monarchy of the 20th century the role of the queen consort is essentially "the power of doing good" as Queen Mary, Consort of George V, found it to be. It is no sinecure. Queen Mary arranged her days so that she had no leisure hours at all and when asked about this replied, "As a matter of fact, the Queen is never bored."



A MEMOIR OF FORMER MARRIAGES

by James Munson

When W. P. Frith painted his famous portrait of the marriage of Albert Edward, later Edward VII, to Princess Alexandra of Denmark in 1863, he included in his large canvas one Gentleman Usher who had also been at the last marriage of a Prince of Wales in 1795. That marriage was of George IV to Caroline of Brunswick and the man was the Hon Frederick Byng, known as "Poodle" because of his curly hair.

While sitting for the artist Byng told him of the earlier marriage which he had attended as a boy of 16. It was at night, in the Chapel Royal at St James's. The bride and groom had only met a few days before the ceremony and she had found that the Prince was not at all like his portrait; he was, she said, "*très gros*". The Prince's reaction has gone down in history: "Harris," he said to Lord Malmesbury, "I am not very well; pray get me a glass of brandy." The Prince was taken aback at the state of his bride's *toilette*, but he also knew that he was secretly and illegally married to Maria Fitzherbert.

But as Byng, now an old man of 84, reminded Frith, "Those were drinking days . . . and the Prince never spared the bottle." Even so, the 300 guests inside the Chapel were shocked to see the bridegroom, "his face flushed you know, and a little uncertain on his legs". George III, seated in a chair of state, was furious, tapping his foot and whis-

pering in angry tones to Queen Charlotte. When he saw his son he "looked very black at him, I can tell you".

During the service the Prince kept looking at Lady Jersey, one of the bride's attendants and his former mistress. The Archbishop of Canterbury, John Moore, was probably aware that he was marrying a bigamist. When he came to the line in the Prayer Book service asking "if any man can shew any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace", he put down the Prayer Book and looked hard at the Prince, and then at the King. The Prince shuddered, but nothing was said and the service proceeded.

When Archbishop Moore came to the question, "Wilt thou have this Woman . . . and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her . . ." he stopped, and repeated the question. This extraordinary service over, the couple left for Carlton House after a brief reception. Princess Caroline later recalled that her husband "passed the greater part of his bridal-night in the grate, where he fell, and where I left him".

The marriage proved a disaster and ended in George IV's forcing his government to introduce, unsuccessfully, a divorce bill against the Queen. But George IV's scandalous marriage and his debts, which were settled by Parliament only when he married, left ➤➤➤

their mark on the royal family. Queen Victoria, soon before she married in 1840, determined to raise its tone.

Any sign that the days of her "wicked ancestor" were returning sent the Queen into a panic. By 1858 she seemed to detect similar leanings in her 17-year-old son and heir. The solution was marriage, for, as the Prayer Book said, marriage "was ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication: that such persons as have not the gift of continency might marry..." After the autumn of 1861 the Prince of Wales no longer had the "gift of continency". Ironically, the news of the Prince's "fall" was broken to Prince Albert by Viscount Loamington, Pascale Bonin's nephew, a member of the Prince's household and a notorious gossip.

But where to find a bride? The natural hunting ground was Germany, a tradition stretching back to 1714, by which time it was already established that the bride must be Protestant and a Princess. A search was begun, led by the Queen's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, now married to the heir to the Prussian throne. Lists were drawn up but no German princess was found to be satisfactory; all agreed that the girl must be attractive else the Prince would not have her. Much against the Queen's wishes it was accepted that the best candidate was the young Alexandra, 18-year-old daughter of the heir to the Danish crown.

Arrangements were made and the Prince met the shy young girl at Speyer Cathedral in 1861. The next year they met again at Lachen, the palace of his great-niece, King Leopold of the Belgians, where the Prince proposed, offering Alexandra "my hand and my heart". He wrote to his mother, "I really don't know whether I am on my head or my heels," and the engagement was announced in September, 1862. A treaty was drawn up in 1863.

The Princess arrived at Gravesend, as had Caroline of Brunswick, Wittenburg, 108 years earlier. Unlike the German princess, Alexandra arrived to a tremendous welcome which took everyone by surprise. Before her arrival *The Illustrated London News* had warned that the English were not renowned for the public holiday: "Our damp and variable climate discourages us. Our habitual reserve is unfavourable to it... The sober form of our religion is hostile to it. We have energy enough and to spare, but we are not remarkable for vivacity."

But the magazine had underestimated the people's feelings, especially in London which had its first chance to welcome a bride for the Prince of Wales since Catherine of Aragon's arrival. At many stages it was impossible for the procession conveying the royal couple through the City and on to Paddington to move forward. The young Alexandra later admitted to Queen Victoria that the crowds pressing round had been "quite alarming". At one stage the enthusiastic crowds tried to untie the horses and pull the carriage on triumph.

The wedding at St George's Chapel,



Windsor, took place on March 10. It was the first time since 1361, when the Black Prince married the Fair Maid of Kent, that a Prince of Wales had been married at St George's. Prince Albert had wanted a great state occasion, set against the medieval splendour of Windsor. The two marriages of the Queen's daughters in 1858 and 1862 had been relatively private affairs, although after the 1858 one of the Princess Royal, London saw its first balcony appearance at Buckingham Palace.

Windsor was packed; squeezed into the chapel were visiting royalty, Knights of the Garter, members of the diplomatic corps, the royal family, an orchestra and choirs. Fewer than 300 of the 900 guests had a good view of the marriage, the remainder of them being ranged along crimson-covered stands erected in the nave and facing a central aisle. The bride wore Honiton lace (chosen at the last minute to replace the Brussels lace given by King Leopold) and was resplendent in white and silver. The Prince wore general's uniform and his Garter mantle and collar.

The Queen, still in deepest mourning, sat in Queen Catherine's Closet, above the tomb of Edward IV and to the left of the altar. Although she refused to lift Court mourning completely, she did agree to wear the riband and star of the

Garter. Her attitude towards the marriage was as ambivalent as her feelings towards her eldest son. She accepted that it was to be a great occasion, for this is what Albert had wanted; but partly from grief and partly from what some believed to be sheer spite she refused to make it a State occasion; therefore technically she did not attend.

The service saw none of the melodrama of 1795. Even so, both the Prince and his prospective father-in-law, Prince Christian, were so awestruck that neither answered the Archbishop's questions, but bowed their assent. Copious tears were shed when the anthem "This day with joyful heart and voice, to heav'n be raised a nation's prayer" was sung, because the music had been composed by Prince Albert. The Queen cried, the princes and princesses cried and even the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, cried. The Princess Royal's son, later Kaiser Wilhelm II, did not but scurried about biting his uncle's legs, exposed by their kilts, when they tried to quieten him.

After the service the guests were divided into two groups for the wedding breakfast, the smaller party being just for the royal family and visiting royalty. The Queen dined alone. After a dainty photograph taken in front of a bust of Prince Albert the couple set off on their

honeymoon; they went to Osborne on the Isle of Wight. As the couple travelled by special train to Southampton, and the Queen retired alone to the Mausoleum at Frogmore, the privileged of the land had to fight their way back to London. The special arrangements had broken down: the Archbishop of Canterbury hung on to the back of a carriage alongside the novelist Thackeray to get near Windsor station. Disraeli had to sit on his wife's lap and the Marchioness of Westminster, wearing half a million pounds in diamonds, felt herself lucky to find a seat in a third-class carriage.

If Windsor was difficult, London was impossible. The crowds poured in to see the illuminations, some of which were by the new electric light. So great was the crush at Ludgate Hill that six women were trampled to death. Up and down the country there were processions, fêtes and public dinners for the poor. There were bonfires everywhere and *The Daily Telegraph* reported that



one at Folkestone was seen in France.



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The marriage was the last time an heir to the British throne married a foreign royal. The public had demanded their right to a place in the celebrations, and no longer was a royal marriage to be conducted at night as a semi-private affair. The popular Press for the first time played a dominant role by helping Queen Victoria convince her people that this was a "love match" and not a diplomatic alliance against her beloved Germany. For the first time the illustrated papers, with their numerous woodcuts, helped people celebrate a national as well as a royal occasion. For the first time in many years a bride added to, rather than detracted from, the Crown's popularity, and at a time when it needed it. Most important, it established what the 1795 marriage had not done—that a stable home life and the moral uprightness of the bride had become all important to the State.

Like millions of his fellow subjects Thackeray, writing in *The Roundabout Papers*, offered a prayer for the Queen as well as for the couple: "The peace, the freedom, the happiness, the order which her rule guarantees, are part of my birth-right as an Englishman, and I bless God for my share. Where else shall I find such liberty of action, thought, speech or laws which protect me so well?"



Top, the Duke and Duchess of York with their bridesmaids after their wedding on April 26, 1923. Above, the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, on November 20, 1947. Right, Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips after their marriage on November 14, 1973.



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ROYAL WEDDING

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Page 25
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Page 27
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Features
Page 28
National Portrait Gallery
Page 29
Central Press
Page 30
Top, Central Press; bottom, Press
Association
Page 32
Camera Press
Page 33
Top, John Scott/Camera Press; centre,
Fox Photos; bottom, Rex Features
Page 34
Press Association
Page 35
Peter Grugeon/Camera Press
Page 37
Left and centre, Fox Photos;
right, Press Association
Page 39
Tim Graham
Page 40
Tim Graham
Page 42
Top left, National Portrait Gallery; centre left,
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Page 43
Press Association
Page 44
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Page 45
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Pages 48-49
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Page 50
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Page 52
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Page 53
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Page 55
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Efficient engineering plus adrenalin.

What leaps from 0-60 mph in just 8.6 seconds, rushes on up to 113 mph and clings to the road like a competition car, yet returns an almost unbelievable 40.9 mpg at a steady 56 mph* and requires less maintenance than most family saloons?

Answer: Ford's astonishing new XR3.

Tuned for the eighties.

The XR3 story began four years ago, just when the fuel crisis had really begun to bite.

That's when Ford went to work on a new front wheel drive Escort.

The target they set themselves was to design a car that would cost even less to run than its predecessor. But perform as well or even better.

The sports derivative of this new Escort,

designated the XR3, was to become the purest expression of that ideal – the epitome of the fast, high efficiency hatchback.

High power. Low service costs.

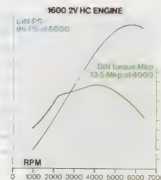
The heart of the XR3's exhilarating performance is its brand new high efficiency engine, a triumph of elegantly simple design.

With an aluminium cylinder head, hemispherical combustion chambers, high lift overhead camshaft, twin choke carburettor and breakerless ignition, it produces no less than 96 bhp from only 1.6 litres.

Even more important from the point of view of running costs, the new engine is very straightforward to service. It only needs a major service every 12,000 miles, with an interim service at 6,000.

Efficient shape. Light weight.

It's the XR3's strikingly efficient shape that releases the engine's full potential.



Limpet-like roadholding. Businesslike cockpit.

The pleasure of driving this refined little machine is sharpened by its phenomenal roadholding.

Suspension is independent all round with pressurised gas filled shock absorbers and supple coil springs, ventilated disc brakes and rack and pinion steering. And the car squats low and wide on those beautiful alloy wheels with their advanced ultra low profile tyres.

Thanks to a deep front air dam, the fairings round the wheels and that big dished rear spoiler, it has a drag coefficient of only 0.375.

Equally vital to acceleration and fuel economy, computer technology has kept the car's weight to a minimum without sacrificing strength.

Deeply contoured bucket seats provide a businesslike driving position. The steering wheel is small, the pedals broad and firm, and the gear change short and crisp.

A nice touch, the rev counter is positioned in its housing so that the red line is at the top. And here's another example of the technology that's gone into the car, a new electronic module activates an array of warning lights which allow you to check oil level, brake pad wear, radiator and screen wash levels without leaving your seat.

Best of all, this red blooded sports car can carry four people comfortably and has a load capacity of 48.7 cu ft with the back seat folded.

It's totally practical, not just a rich man's toy.

If you'd like something to stir the adrenalin, ask your dealer to arrange an XR3 demo.



*Govt. fuel consumption test – mpg (litres/100km):
Constant 56 mph (90 km/h) 40.9 (6.9). Constant 75 mph (120 km/h) 31.7 (8.9). Simulated urban cycle 27.7 (10.2).

Car of the Year competition organised by Autovisie (Holland),
Telegraph Sunday Magazine (Britain), L'Equipe (France),
Quattroruote (Italy), Stern (West Germany), Vi Bilagare (Sweden).



FORD ESCORT XR3





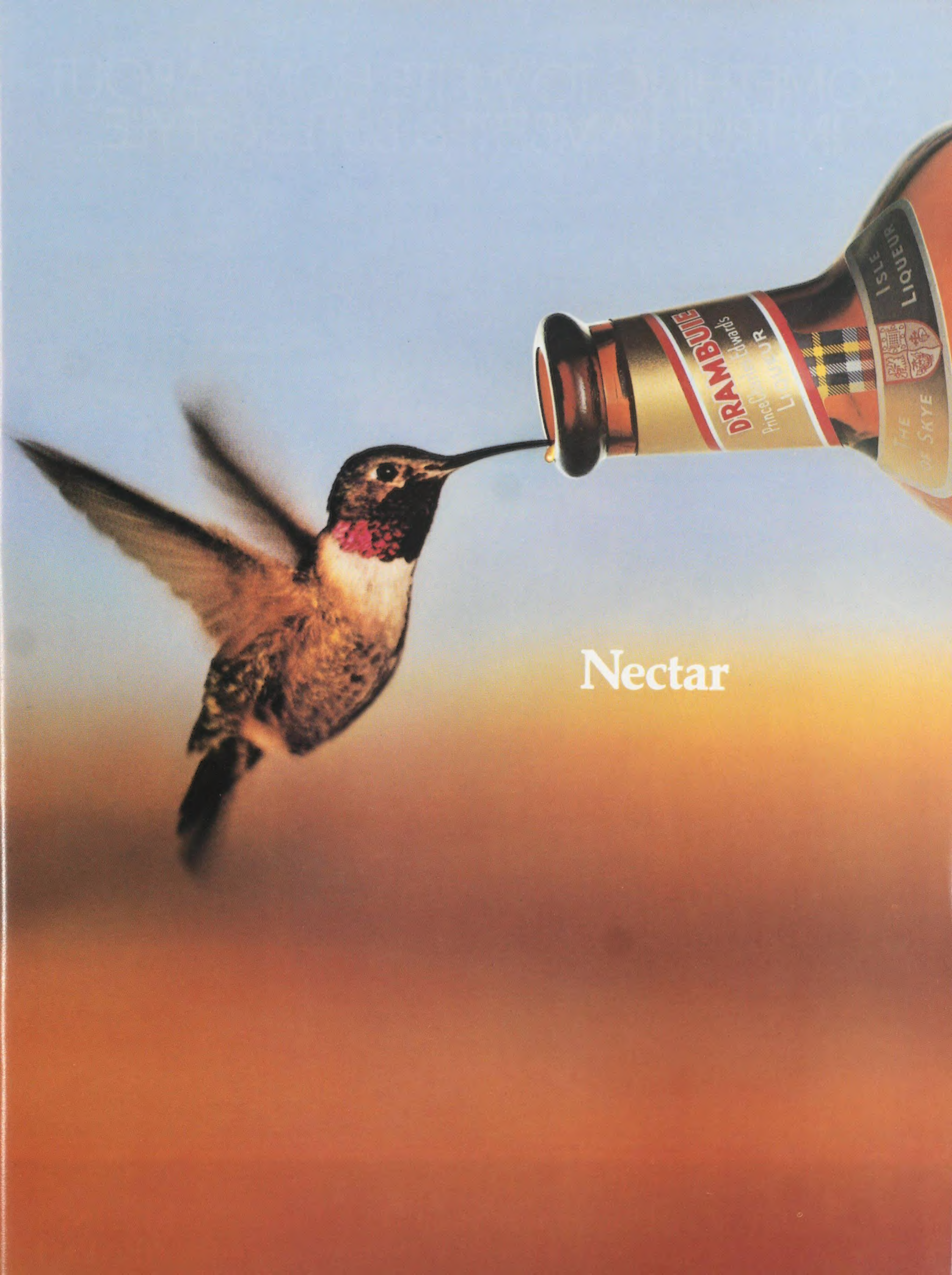
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**DANGER: H.M. Government Health Departments' WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH**



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The Prince of Wales Clock from Mappin & Webb. Commemorating the wedding of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales to Lady Diana Spencer.



On what is to be perhaps the most important public occasion of the decade, Mappin & Webb offer you something more to treasure than just memories.

A truly distinctive clock, crafted in sterling silver with the crests of both the Prince of Wales and the House of Spencer, and engraved with the words 'The marriage of the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer, Wednesday 29th July 1981'.

The mechanism, which was invented in the 17th Century and more widely produced during the 19th Century, features a rotating dial engraved with Roman numerals; the time being indicated by a central pointer. The 8-day movement incorporates a fully jewelled, Swiss escapement

with a jewelled lever. Handmade in Mappin & Webb's London workshop, the sterling silver clock stands 11 inches to the top of the finial which, like the armorials and Prince of Wales chain, is in silver gilt.

Priced at £975, only 210 will be made, each in a fine presentation case and available at all Mappin & Webb branches.

Mappin & Webb have produced a complete commemorative collection of 21 pieces to mark this, the wedding of the 21st Prince of Wales.

So that you might view this magnificent collection, a full colour booklet has been produced and you can obtain your free copy by completing the coupon below.



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Old Bond Street (Carrington)
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What price individuality?



Carlton £6,634

Viceroy £8,545

To the executive, a company car is a lot more than an efficient means of getting from A to B.

It's a reflection of their company's confidence in them.

It's a measure of their status within the company.

And a suitable reward for outstanding contribution.

At Vauxhall, we believe that such individuals should have individual images.

And individual motor cars.

The Vauxhall executive fleet of Carlton, Viceroy and Royale starts at 2 litres and goes on to 3.

But it includes five entirely different bodystyles and levels of appointment.

So success is easy to judge.

THE VAUXHALL VICEROY.

Let's start with a completely new car, the Viceroy.

Viceroy has a smooth, six cylinder 2.5 litre engine that produces 114 bhp. Its top speed is over 110 mph.

This really is a luxury express motor car. As you can see, Viceroy isn't just a lookalike with a bigger engine. It's an individual saloon.

Its features give it a feeling of

exclusivity that anyone will appreciate.

And the starting price of just £8545 will get envious glances from all the other car makers.

THE VAUXHALL ROYALE.

Next, the Royale. The ultimate Vauxhall and the flagship of our executive fleet.

Performance is all you would expect from a highly developed 2.8 litre engine. (Even more if you choose the fuel-injected 3 litre version.)

And, of course, the equipment is lavish. So lavish that the only optional extra, apart from the engine size, is air conditioning.

This is a car that says achievement and success.

A car that will ensure recognition, whether it's the Saloon or the stunning Coupé.

THE VAUXHALL CARLTON.

And finally, the Carltons.

Both the estate and the saloon are built around lively and economical 2 litre engines.

Royale £11,617

Carlton is a sleek, roomy, luxury car that from a company's point of view makes a very attractive proposition.

The Saloon has D.O.E. figures of 38.7 mpg at 56 mph yet still reaches 107 mph and gets to 60 mph in just 11.4 seconds. And the Estate is remarkable for its sheer capacity.

Carlton is also very attractive from the driver's point of view.

As 'Motor' magazine said, "high speed stability is outstanding."

The Carlton is obviously a spacious performer that will give considerable pleasure to its driver and its passengers.

What price individuality?

With the Vauxhall executive range of luxury cars, the price certainly isn't high.

But the distinction is.

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